McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIER DEAD.

Fitting Exercises Held at Rose Hill Cemetery on Memorial Day.

WEATHER WAS MOST PLEASANT.

It was a Day Long to be Remembered by Civil War Veterans and Citizens—Imposing Parade in Afternoon—Two Appropriate Addresses were Made

Probably but few such ideal Memorial Days as the one of 1907 have occurred since the Civil War closed forty-two years ago. For weeks the weather had been most disagreeable and the forecast for the day was: Cloudy with possible showers. This time though the report was wrong and a more beautiful day to honor the soldier dead could not be asked for. From early morn the sun shed its bright rays upon the earth and by the time for the exercises in the afternoon the ground was dry and the air warm. At an early hour people began to assemble at Rose Hill cemetery and strew beautiful floral tokens upon the graves of their departed loved ones and it is doubtful if Rose Hill cemetery ever presented a more beautiful appearance upon a like occasion.

Owing to the increasing depletion in the ranks of McKean Post, G. A. R., this organization did not care to undertake the task of observing the day alone and of a consequence the citizens were asked to aid them. To this they responded most nobly.

At 1:30 o'clock the parade formed under Marshal B. T. Garlick and at 2 o'clock it moved in the following order: Smethport Band, Smethport Hose Company, Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., pupils of Smethport schools, McKean Post, No. 847, G. A. R., in carriages, officers, speakers, etc., in carriages. A most beautiful and pleasing spectacle was the hundreds of school children marching alongside the carriages containing the old veterans, acting as an escort to the living heroes of '61-'65.

Upon arriving at the cemetery the large crowd make themselves as comfortable as possible while the exercises were being held. After the usual ritual by the Post was gone through with the program as arranged by the committee was carried out. After Miss Edna Freeman had read President Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg and the audience had joined in singing "America," D. C. Young, president of the day, made a short and appropriate address and then introduced F. D. Gallup, Esq., who spoke feelingly on the object of the day, paid a loving tribute to the dead and living soldiers of the war of the rebellion and showed very clearly that it was the duty of every citizen to help in making Memorial Day a pleasant one to the remaining few veterans. After a pleasing reading by Miss Irma Wells and two numbers by the Glee Club, Rev. J. F. Dugan was introduced. Like that of his predecessor the speech of Father Dugan is long to be remembered by the fortunate listeners. It was a masterly effort and one that paid a loving respect to the living soldiers and to the tender memory of those who have gone before. At the conclusion of his remarks the Glee Club rendered another selection and the exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. W. A. Harris. Strewing of flowers upon the graves followed the exercises after which the procession reformed and marched back to the court house where it disbanded.

That the holding of the exercises in Rose Hill cemetery instead of the court house is a popular move was demonstrated by the large number of people who attended and the interest manifested by all.

Our New Industries.

Work on our new industries is progressing very satisfactorily and in a comparatively short time both new factories will be in full operation.

On Tuesday the new engine for the cutlery factory arrived and is being put in place. The other machinery is being put in as fast as possible. The factory will be ready for operation soon.

The site for the cut glass factory has been decided upon near the Backus Novelty works on Water street.

S. P. Button is drawing plans for the building for the new Smethport Cut Glass plant. It is to be a two story building with basement and the dimensions are to be 32x120 feet. As soon as possible the contract for its erection will be let and it is hoped to have it completed by August 1st and that operations can begin by August 15th.

For Rent.

The John S. Coady residence on Marvin street. Inquire of J. E. Mundy.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

The June session of criminal court convened at the court house Monday afternoon with Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. The grand jury was sworn in, given instructions and Joseph Lecompte of Bradford appointed foreman of that body. The afternoon was devoted to hearing constables' returns, routine matters, etc. Constable A. L. Harrington of the First Ward, Bradford, returned the Black Bear Hotel of that city for selling liquor to minors.

Lillian Miller, a Bradford woman, pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license and was sentenced to serve three months in the county jail and pay a fine of $500.

Roscoe D. White of Kane pleaded guilty to the charge of adultery. He is a Kane man who was arrested some time ago. White, while already a married man, met, wooed and won a Kane young woman named Gustafson. He married the girl and lived with her for a time. It so happened that the father of the bride learned that White had another wife living and he (the father) brought action on the charge above named. Mrs. White No. 1 became informed as to the facts in the case and she instituted proceedings in divorce. While her husband was in jail awaiting trial Mrs. White received her divorce and is now a free woman. White, when brought before the court, was told in very plain language as to the gravity of his offense, but the court was disposed to give him a chance to be a better man. He was liberated on his own recognizance to appear at the next term.

Gus Madison, who was charged with assault and battery by his wife, was found guilty in manner and form as indicted and directed to give bonds to keep the peace, surety of $100 being stipulated.

In a Bradford larceny case against A. L. Watt and Fred Plimpton, the latter pleaded guilty and the former not guilty. Plimpton was sentenced by the court to serve two years and six months in the western penitentiary. Owing to lack of evidence in the case of Watt a nol pros was granted.

In the case of William Newell, against whom a true bill was found, charging him with receiving stolen goods, he was found not guilty. It appears that Mr. Newell was the purchaser, in good faith, of a team of horses and it afterwards developed that the team was stolen.

In the case of Jack Gorman of Bradford, charged with assault and battery upon his wife, the jury found a verdict of not guilty but placed half the costs upon the defendant.

"Brother" Conklin, the "Holy Roller" preacher, who was indicted on four charges of selling and distributing alleged obscene literature, was before the court much of the day. His case was up for trial and his attorney, a Rochester young man named Stearn, entered a demurrer against the manner in which the complaint had been drawn up. Stearn contended that the charges were not specifically stated. He said that the word "or" was used in a place where "and" should have been. Much argument was heard on the subject and the judge after carefully considering the technical point raised, sustained the demurrer and the indictment was quashed.

District Attorney Mayo made a motion to obtain leave to send up new indictments against Conklin before the grand jury at the next term of court. The motion was granted.

The claim was made by Conklin's attorney that the books sold by the defendant were not obscene in the meaning of the law. Judge Bouton ruled that this question was for the jury to decide. Conklin gave bail to appear at the October term.

Among the grand jury's returns are the following:

Commonwealth vs. L. S. Conklin of Kane, four true bills on charges pertaining to the distribution and sale of alleged obscene literature, attacking the Catholic clergy.

Commonwealth vs. Gus Madison, assault and battery, threats, etc., a true bill. Commonwealth vs. Erwin and Foster Carpenter, assault and battery, not a true bill and the complainant, Rose Hubbard to pay cost.

Commonwealth vs. B. L. Ingalls, larceny, a true bill. (Ingalls is now in prison in Norfolk, Va. He conducted a a collecting agency in Bradford and kept the change, as it were.)

Commonwealth vs. Jack Gorman, assault and battery, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Wesley Slater, horse stealing, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. William Newell, receiving stolen goods, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. L. W. Howden, assault and battery, not a true bill. The prosecutor, J. P. Gale, to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. W. P. Baker, assault and battery, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Toney Stuck, larceny, not a true bill. County to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Mohr, assault and battery, not a true bill, county to pay costs.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

Victory from Port Allegany.

The Smethport High School baseball team have played five games so far this season without a defeat. The last victory was taken from Port Allegany at Kane Field last Thursday afternoon. Score 4 to 2.

The game was fast and interesting to the fans who had many opportunities to "root" for their favorites. Perry occupied the rubber for the locals and allowed but one hit, and that one being of the scratch order. He also struck out thirteen men. Fiddler, who did the twirling for the boys from over the hill, proved quite a puzzle for the locals who only obtained four hits, Pancoast getting three of these, and during the game seven men were fanned. Both teams had several errors to their discredit but none of them were costly.

The score fellows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McGowan, cf	3	2	0	1	0	0
Pancoast, 1b	4	0	3	9	0	1
Griffin, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stull, 2b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Glavin, 3b	3	0	0	0	2	1
McClure, ss	3	0	0	0	3	1
Sherburne, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Denning, c	3	2	1	13	3	1
Perry, p	3	0	0	1	1	0
Total	30	4	4	27	9	5

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Doyle, ss	3	0	1	0	2	0
Fleming, 3b	4	1	0	2	3	1
Mullin, c	4	0	0	5	0	0
A. Bondan, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	2
Mott, cf	4	0	0	1	1	1
Shortz, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	1
H. Bondan, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Grimes, rf	1	0	1	0	0	0
Fiddler, p	2	1	0	1	0	0
Total	29	2	1	24	11	4

By innings:

Smethport	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	—4
Port Allegany	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Three base hit—Dennlng.
Struck out—by Perry 13; by Fiddler 5.
Base on balls—off Perry 6; off Fiddler 3
Sacrifice hits—Smethport 4; Port Allegany 1.
Stolen bases—Smethport 4; Port Allegany 4.
Double play—Mott to Fleming.
Time of game—1:20.
Umpire—Estry.

The Paving Question.

There is every indication that the people will endorse paving at the polls on June 24th by a very large majority. The people seem to realize that in order to keep abreast of the times they must have Main street paved, and the people have taken a determined stand to make Smethport appear as progressive as it really is.

Occasionally we hear of a man who is opposed to paving on account of the cost, but those will probably come into line when they thoroughly understand the situation, for the burden is not going to be hard. True, there will be a slight raise in the taxes but it will be so small that it will hardly be noticed and the great benefits arising from an up-to-date, progressive street will more than repay every man for the extra tax. A large percentage of this paving money will be spent right in the town and therefore we will have the pavement without becoming any poorer.

Judging by the weather conditions Fate seems to be with those in favor of paving, for the heavy rains have kept our streets in a much worse condition than usual, which everybody knows is bad enough at best.

To the voters of Smethport we offer just these few words of advice: Put aside petty prejudice and penny-wise economy and adopt the broader and more progressive plan of economy by voting and using your influence for paving and a better town.

Severely Injured.

William Carlson, formerly a Smethport resident and at present a contractor in Potter county had a narrow escape from death last Friday afternoon. He hired a rig at one of the liveries in town and drove up to Crosby. Preparatory to feeding the horse he removed the bridle and before he got the halter on the horse became frightened at something and started to run.

Mr. Carlson grabbed the animal by the nose and mane and attempted to hold him but was unable to do so and was thrown to the ground. The horse either stepped on his head or kicked him with such force that he was unconscious for some time and it was feared that his skull was fractured. He was picked up by friends and removed to a nearby house and medical aid summoned. It was found that his skull was not fractured and Mr. Carlson has sufficiently recovered to be able to be out again.

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

Roselle Knott's tour with the well-known Barrie play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," has been principally through the west and the north-west, and everywhere the play has been presented it has been received with the warmest expressions of approval, for the reason that it is a play with a real heart interest and one which appeals to mothers and to the women who have the interest of the home at heart. It is a play that young girls and boys can witness and be benefitted thereby—for the play teaches a lesson that the youth should learn. It is a play in which a mother and daughter are the central figures and these characters are played by Roselle Knott and her daughter, Viola Knott. At the Lyceum, June 21st.

Found.

A pair of nose glasses in cemetery. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

A. F. BANNON THE NOMINEE FOR TREASURER.

Was Chosen by the Republicans at Saturday's Primaries.

DEMOCRATS CHOSE R. W. HILTON.

Prohibitionists Also Name Him.—E. R. Sherman, Republican, and Dr. Robison, Democrat, are Candidates for Coroner—Light Vote Was Polled.

Last Saturday the primary elections of the various political parties were held in this county and tickets nominated. The heavy rains made it very inconvenient for those in the rural districts to get to the polls and therefore a light vote was polled.

The Republican ticket nominated was: Hon. A. F. Bannon of Bradford, County Treasurer; E. R. Sherman of Bradford, Coroner; A. D. Gould of Eldred, W. O. Rice of Eldred township and E. J. Jones of Bradford, delegates to the Republican State convention. A Committeeman was also elected in each district.

The Democrats nominated R. W. Hilton of Smethport, County Treasurer; Dr. J. H. Robison of Bradford, Coroner, and Frank Hamilton was chosen as delegate to the State convention.

The Prohibitionists selected R. W. Hilton for County Treasurer, and C. E. Foster, county chairman. Ten delegates were chosen to represent the county at the State convention. Some of these delegates are ladies.

The only contest which created any interest was for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer. There were seven candidates in the race, all more or less confident of being successful and it proved to be a rather close race among three of the candidates. Hon. A. F. Bannon won out with H. W. Rubin of Smethport second and George Paton of Bradford third.

The election was a very quiet one and passed off without creating much feeling of ill will on the part of the unsuccessful candidates, and the Republican party is sure to be thoroughly united in the campaign this fall if there is any contest, which is very doubtful. Mr. Hilton, who was nominated by the Democrats and Prohibitionists for County Treasurer, announced before the primaries in very emphatic terms that under no circumstances would he be a candidate and he is not a man who is liable to change his mind. Mr. Hilton is undoubtedly the most popular man in the Democratic party to-day and could come nearer to being elected than any other man, if he should accept and make a vigorous campaign, but he is too good a business man to neglect his private business for the uncertainties of the political game.

In this borough 260 votes were cast—239 Republicans, 10 Democrats and one Prohibition—and Mr. Rubin can well feel proud of the vote given him against such popular men as his opponents. The Republican vote was as follows: County Treasurer—Bannon 82, Bogart 6, Rezner 5, Paton 5, Rubin 169, Walker 21. Coroner—Sherman 181. Delegates—Gould 125, Jones 158, Rice 155, Risden 88. Committeemen—Andorfer 45, Ostrander, 11.

The official vote of the county has not been completed as yet, but Mr. Bannon has a plurality over Mr. Rubin of about 150.

Robbed Flowers from Graves.

Persons who will stoop so low as to steal flowers from graves are so low that they are a disgrace to the community in which they reside, and when such a despicable deed is perpetrated it is to be regretted that the culprit cannot be apprehended and punished. The only trouble is the law does not mete out punishment severe enough. That this borough contains some of this ilk is evidenced by the following:

EDITOR MINER:—

Please allow me a little space in your valuable paper for thanking the person or persons who borrowed or took three large bouquets of flowers from three of my little children's graves between 11 and 1 o'clock on Decoration Day. They were taken there by my little daughter, Adella, and by 1 o'clock the graves were robbed. I am not a wealthy man and am blind at present, but if the persons who want flowers and have no way of getting them will come to me in persons I will have my daughters pick some for them or I will buy them some. A year ago the graves were robbed in the same manner.

HENRY HEILMAN.

Notice.

Lot between Dr. Brown's and Pickersgill's on Main street can be bought at a sacrifice before June 22. Write or phone August Linde, Hazelhurst, Pa.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hem lock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Smethport May Celebrate.

It is quite probable that a Fourth of July celebration will be held in this borough. At least the matter is being agitated by the Smethport Hose Company and a number of the progressive citizens. If enough interest is taken and the necessary money can be subscribed all will be well, otherwise the matter will be dropped.

The plan is to have a grand barbecue, or ox roast, in conjunction with an old fashioned celebration, and those who have the matter in charge promise lots of fun and attractions for every man, woman and child. All they desire is the hearty co-operation of the business men and they should get it. Each year that this town does not celebrate means hundreds of dollars spent in neighboring towns. With a celebration here this state of affairs would be reversed and not only would the citizens remain at home and spend their money, but many visitors would be in our midst and if they did not spend their money in one business house they would in another.

A meeting of the hose company will be held at the hose house to-morrow evening and then it will be decided whether we will celebrate or not. In the meantime every citizen should boost the scheme and with a will.

Commencement Announcements.

Preparations are about completed for the annual commencement exercises of the Smethport High School. The sermon to the class and teachers will be preached next Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Harris. Class Day exercises will be held in the lower hall on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. To these, as to all the exercises, the public is invited. The regular commencement exercises are scheduled for Wednesday evening, June 12, at the Lyceum.

The class is fortunate this year in securing for its commencement speaker Dr. Boothe C. Davis, president of Alfred University. Dr. Davis is an eloquent and powerful speaker and his address will certainly be an inspiring one.

In accordance with the action of the school a nominal admission fee will be charged of 10 and 15 cents. This is a departure from custom but is merely to pay the actual expenses involved. It also makes it possible to have seats reserved in advance. Seats will be put on sale Monday morning at 9 o'clock at the usual place.

Abbey-McGowan.

Miss Katherine F. McGowan of Port Allegany and Mr. Earl Ray Abbey of this borough were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. John Abbey on Cemetery street, this borough, at one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, June 5, 1907, by the Rev. W. A. Harris, in the presence of a few friends and relatives.

The happy couple left on the 2:35 p. m. train for a ten days' honeymoon trip to Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, after which they will reside in this place.

The bride is a popular young lady who has been employed in the Union Telephone office for some time past. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Abbey of this place, is station agent at Newton for the Kushequa R. R., and has many friends who will wish them a life of happiness.

Rose-Ruprecht.

Miss Pauline Agnes Ruprecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ruprecht of Batavia, N. Y., was married at her home on Tuesday afternoon, June 4th, to Robert Craig Rose, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y. The Rev. J. Huber McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church, Smethport, solemnized the marriage. Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were present and the wedding was a quiet home one, simple and in excellent taste throughout. The home was very beautifully decorated and a dinner was served at the Batavia Club House, after which Mr. and Mrs. Rose left for their home at Binghamton. The many friends of the young couple in this place, where "Craig" lived for a number of years, unite in wishing them every good blessing in their united lives.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 1, 1907:

Ethel Andrus, M. A. Butler, Mark Caskey, Albin Danielson, Mrs. Martin B. Groat, Miss Agnes Johnson, Miss Maude Slayter.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dry Goods Bargains.

I am offering my entire stock of dry goods, shoes, etc., at great bargains. Call and see the stock before it is all gone. No such bargains can be found again.

F. W. BROWNELL.

For Sale.

Six English fox hound pups. Call and see them. ELMER LAMB,
West of County Home, Smethport, Pa.

Water Power the Cheapest.

The time is coming when every town, city or village that is located near an ample sized rapid-running stream will realize that it is as fortunate as if it were near a gold or diamond mine. The conversion of the natural power into gold only waits the sagacity of the business man who sees the opportunity and goes about developing these long neglected waterfalls. The power that is running to waste in many such a stream might in the aggregate be made to equal the yield in economic results of a million dollars worth of coal. But at present only the larger powers or those which may be kept constant by ample storage are commercially possible of development. The wealth production of the world hinges on the cost of power. It has been calculated that a laborer working at 70 cents a day produces one horsepower hour for 85 cents. An ox pulling a horizontal lever round and round would cut the cost of this unit of power to 23 cents and a horse to 13 cents. A steam engine can produce the same unit at the rate of four cents and a gas engine still cheaper. The wind when harnessed to a windmill yields the same power at a cost of 3 cents, but water power surpasses all by furnishing this unit at 1 cent. The lesson is plain that any one who has a source of water power available should make the most of it. The time may come when small water courses can be made to yield profit to their owners. Then how much more carefully should the state guard its almost immeasurably vast resources of this kind against the day when their great value can be realized and by proper development made to relieve the burden of taxation.—Ex.

The Shriner Picnic.

Although Oil City, and especially Monarch Park, has been the scene of many fraternal and social gatherings, "the biggest and best" of them all will be invaded and taken possession of by that peculiar brotherhood known to the profane as "The Shriners," and their ladies.

It is only of recent date that Oil City has been on the map from a Noble's standpoint, but those recent past experiences have shown pageant and potentate alike that there exists no more attractive oasis than that enthroned among the boiling springs, the sylvan groves, the incubator in action and some other, attractions that might be mentioned only that space does not permit.

Everything will be wide open at Monarch Park on the "unlucky 13th," and the only victim of misfortune is he who is barred from the festivities on account of being born a man and failed to secure the advantages of his birthright by affiliation with the funny fez fellows.

But be it known that the more maidens the merrier.

Every member of the sex of human rights, no matter what may be her "age or past conditions of servitude," when accompanied by a member of the elect, will be a most welcome and attractive feature of the great gathering, wives mothers sisters and sweethearts or sisters of nobles may not fear to rush in and take possession of anything and everything in sight in the entertainment line where the so-called "stronger sex," like the angler of the old-time saw, many well fear to tread.

The Political Outlook.

A Harrisburg dispatch dated June 4 says: United States Senator Knox will be formally endorsed for President and pledged the support of the Pennsylvania delegation to the next Republican National convention by the Republican State convention, which will be held in this city on next Thursday for the nomination of State treasurer. Senator Knox's interests are in charge of Congressman James Frances Burke who came here from Pittsburg, and opened headquarters at the Lochiel Hotel.

Senator Penrose, who is in hearty accord with the movement for the endorsement of his colleague by the State convention, arrived from Philadelphia this afternoon and will remain until after the convention. The Senior Senator will have a conference with his lieutenants tomorrow at which ex-Senator Henry H. Camings, of Tidioute, will be endorsed for State treasurer.

Ex Speaker Henry F. Walton, of Philadelphia, will be chairman of the convention, which will be held in the Lyceum Theatre. Camings is the only avowed candidate for treasurer and it is doubtful if there will be any organized opposition to his nomination.

Notice.

Is hereby given that a contract will be let for the paving for Main street with brick in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on the 2nd day of July, 1907, subject to the special election for the purpose of increasing the indebtedness of said Borough, to be held June 24, 1907, and plans and specifications on said work may be seen at the office of the Borough Attorney, on the first day of July, 1907. The Borough Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Signed WM. G. HOLDER,
Secretary.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

THE SADDEST STORY OF THE GREAT CONFLICT.

Young Confederate, Returning Home Unscathed, Shot Dead by His Father.

PERHAPS the saddest story of the civil war is that told of a Confederate family directly after the great conflict. Mrs. Chestnut mentions it in her "Diary From Dixie," and a man who heard it at first hand tells it as follows in the New York Sun:

"The soldier had enlisted in Georgia from his home, where his father remained undisturbed during the struggle. The young man had fought through the war without a scratch, save a slight wound which had left him partially deaf. This affliction he had never referred to in any of his letters.

"After the surrender he communicated with his father, saying he would reach home on or about a certain date. Travel then was uncertain, and he was not positive as to when he would arrive. His father prepared to receive him. Believing that his son would come as promised, he arranged a spread such as the conditions of his surroundings at that time would permit. He had brought out his best plates that had been secreted for a long time, and with gold which had been exhumed he bought such delicacies and substantials as the southern market at that time afforded.

"As many of the old time neighbors as were living in the vicinity were invited to the home coming of the returning soldier. The ex-Confederate arrived on the old plantation the night before the earliest date he had mentioned in his last letter. It was late,

THE YOUTH, BEING DEAF, MADE NO REPLY.

and his father and the family had retired. The only creature on the old place that seemed to be awake was a dog. As the soldier entered the gate of the grounds the dog began barking. The sound aroused the owner of the manor. The country was overrun at the time with stragglers, some of whom had not hesitated to commit burglary. The father of the boy arose. He stood in his doorway with his shotgun and challenged the approaching stranger, as he supposed.

"The young man, being deaf, made no reply, but continued on his way. The man in the doorway raised his gun and fired. The stranger fell dead. The father summoned his family and the few remaining servants of the plantation. An investigation was held, and the tragic truth was revealed.

"The father, of course, was inconsolable. He returned to his house, while the servants carried the lifeless form of his boy to the home that had been awaiting his coming. The next day the invited guests began to arrive. The father had given orders that the tragedy should not be mentioned until he himself told it.

"I do not know what explanation was made to the guests as to the absence of him whom they were to honor, but after the repast they were told, and then they filed past the dead. The body had been wrapped in the flag for which the brave young man had fought. The community was used to funerals. Every private burial ground had a grave made by the unhappy war, but no funeral like this had ever taken place in the vicinity, and I doubt if it ever had a counterpart."

A Story of General Lee.

When the great war was over and defeat had come to the armies Lee had led, he was visiting the house of a friend in Richmond. With that love of children that always characterized him, the old hero took upon his knee a fair haired boy. The proud mother, to please her guest, asked the child, "Who is General Lee?" Parrotlike the expected answer came, "The great Virginian who was a patriot, true to his native state." And then came the question, "Who is General Scott?" and the reply, "A Virginian who was a traitor to his country."

Putting down the child and turning to the mother, the general said: "Madam, you should not teach your child such lessons. I will not listen to such talk. General Scott is not a traitor. He was true to his convictions of duty, as I was to mine."—From Hilary A. Herbert's Address Over the Graves of the Confederate Dead in Arlington.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

FOUGHT TO A FRAZZLE.

The Startling Battle Losses of a North Carolina Regiment.

On the 1st of July, 1863, a band of 820 tall, lank Carolinians shouldered their way down the Cashtown pike among the butternut battalions of Lee. Fresh from a long furlough, the bursting files of stalwart yeomanry, Zeb Vance's boys—the Twenty-sixth regiment—marched cheerily on to Gettysburg, "good food for powder," old war-dogs would say.

It is an old story how the Confederates under Heth clashed that day with the Federal cavalry and infantry under Buford and Reynolds. Heth's leading brigades plunged across Willoughby creek, dropped Reynolds with a chance shot and were themselves quickly destroyed. Heth's reserves, led by Pettigrew and Brockenbrough, rushed to the rescue, and the three days' combat was begun.

The Twenty-sixth North Carolina was on the left of Pettigrew's brigade and crossed the creek almost at McPherson's woods, where Sol Meredith's Iron brigade and Rowley's Pennsylvanians were forming a line. The continual shifting of the Federal regiments from position to position led the Confederates to look for an easy victory, but every step of their march revealed a new foe.

In the pathway of the Carolinians Cooper's Pennsylvania battery was posted, covering the interval between Rowley's men and the Iron brigade. Cooper's guns showered the butternut ranks with grape, and eleven color bearers in the Twenty-sixth were shot down during the struggle with Meredith, Rowley and Cooper. The Twenty-fourth Michigan of the Iron brigade fought against the Carolinians, and its loss that day was the highest in the Federal army on the field of Gettysburg. The One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, also opposed to the Carolinians, lost 70 per cent of its men, killed and wounded. After the battle the positions held by the Federal regiments could be distinguished by the rows of dead who had fought till they fell in defense of the roads to Gettysburg. But the Twenty-sixth North Carolina had got as good as it gave. At roll call that night only 216 men were shown to have come through unscathed by bullets. Captain Tuttle's company went into action with three officers and eighty-four men. All of the officers and eighty-three men were killed or wounded. The remnant of the Twenty-sixth took part in Pickett's charge and attacked the line of Smyth's brigade, in Hancock's corps, near the Bloody Angle. It came out with only eighty men fit for duty.

BLOODY CHASM BRIDGED.

By Law the Late "Rebellion" is Now Called the "Civil War"

The "civil war," and not the "war of the rebellion," will hereafter be the legal and official designation of the conflict which followed the secession of the southern states. This was decided by the United States senate not long ago in passing the service pension bill, which provides a pension for all soldiers who served ninety days or more in the Union army and have reached the age of sixty-two.

The first bill declared that their service must have been rendered "during the late war of the rebellion." Senator Carmack offered an amendment, which was accepted, improving this phrase to "during the late civil war."

Senators Pugh and Bacon, each representing an extreme in factional feeling, arose at the same time to urge this change, thereby showing a disposition to bridge the chasm.

Senator Teller precipitated the debate by insisting that the secession of the southern states was a rebellion and that no man who fought in the Confederate army need mind being designated as a rebel.

Senator Money said he served four years in the Confederate army and did not care a rap if he is called a rebel.

"George Washington was a rebel for eight years," he said, "and I do not mind if the term is applied to me." He thought the historical title given the conflict should be "the war between the states."

Senator Bacon spoke at length in favor of using the expression "civil war," taking especial exception to being referred to as a rebel. He admitted having served nearly four years in the Confederate army, from which he emerged a captain, but declared it was in no sense a rebellion.

Senator Patterson suggested that the proper expression would be "the war of secession," but this did not seem to meet with much approval, and "civil war" won.

The bill as passed gives every civil war veteran aged sixty-two a pension of $12 per month, those seventy years old $15 a month and those seventy-five years or over $20 per month. Veterans of the Mexican war were also included in these benefits by an amendment adopted.

Paradise Lost and Won.

Many an amusing incident of army life is given in Lew Wallace's autobiography. For example, he writes thus of a tented "Paradise" which was lost and won at the battle of Shiloh: "Within our lines there was a drinking tent, on which was written 'Paradise.' It was taken by the Confederates in the first day's fight, and the victors wrote beneath its name 'Lost.' By Beauregard's order all camp furniture was left intact, as he expected to possess the whole field in the morrow's struggle. The Union army recovered their ground by the second day's battle, the pleasure tent was retaken, and to the two names was added the word 'Regained.'"

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

OLD FOES AT GETTYSBURG

Survivors of Pickett's Charge Meet Philadelphia Veterans.

After forty-three years survivors of General George E. Pickett's division and the Philadelphia brigade met last September on the spot where the world famous charge was made on the third day of the decisive battle of the civil war. The brigade was composed of four regiments of the Pennsylvania volunteers, who assisted in fighting off the charge, and one feature of the day was the return by veteran Union men to their former enemies of the sword of Brigadier General Lewis Addison Armistead, which fell from his hands when he was killed just as he reached the cannon of Cushing.

Although the survivors of the famous charge on both sides were aged and bent, they went over the ground of the battle with the enthusiasm of youth, and the return of the sword started many a train of reminiscence of the man who had waved it.

General Armistead was the son of Major General Armistead of the United States army and went to West Point until he smashed a plate over the head of General Jubal A. Early. He was appointed a second lieutenant in the army in 1839 and served throughout the Mexican war, where, at the battle of Chapultepec, he was brevetted for gallantry in action. He was a captain when the war began, but immediately resigned to become colonel of a Confederate regiment. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1862 and added to Pickett's division.

In the famous charge the four regiments commanded by General Armistead occupied the center, and when the fateful orders were given they went forward, Armistead leading, his hat held aloft on the point of his sword. Although a hundred guns cut down more than two-thirds of them, while the musketry of the infantry protected Cemetery hill with a screen of death, Armistead went up. He was the first to leap the stone wall on the top of the hill, with "Come on, boys!" and had one hand on the muzzle of one of Cushing's cannon when he received his death wound. It was at the same moment that Cushing himself was killed.

The sword after the war went to Philadelphia, where it remained all these years until in the era of good feeling it was resolved to return it.—New York Herald.

WHAT RUSSIA DID FOR US.

An Alleged Authentic Bit of Unwritten History.

Interest in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909 to exploit the territory, has brought to light an old bit of secret history of the times of the civil war.

It now appears from the story of an old sailor who fought under Admiral Farragut that the purchase of Alaska from Russian in 1867 for $7,200,000 by William H. Seward, secretary of state, was not only made to please Russia and to express the thanks of the United States for Russia's friendship for the north by taking from the czar at a high figure what he thought was a bit of useless property, but was also part of a deeply laid bit of the diplomacy of those stirring times. In fact, it would look now as if the purchase of Alaska were a portion of the price that the United States paid Russia for keeping 150,000 men at Cronstadt during the latter years of the war in order to have them available for America's use and for embarkation on active service as an ally of the north did Great Britain openly espouse the cause of the Confederacy.

And another portion of the service rendered by Russia for the Alaskan purchase price was the lending of 500 of her best sailors for service in the American fleet, with Russian officers to translate the orders of the American commanders. These men, according to the story of the old sailor, fought for some months under Farragut, made a brilliant showing and finally were shipped back to their native shore in the same surreptitious manner that marked their arrival.

The story is given in the Portland Oregonian of Jan. 13 last. The writer, Gabriel Justus Dahlgren, relates that he got the story from a resident of Salem, Ore., one Thomas Thompson, a well known sailor of that place.

BULLET, NOT CONSUMPTION.

New Jersey Veteran Carried Lead in Lungs Forty Years.

A violent fit of coughing, physicians say, recently saved the life of Caleb Muir, veteran of the civil war, residing at Four Corners, near Plainfield, N. J.

Muir's case probably is without parallel in medical records. For thirty years or more Muir has been pointed out as a victim of "lingering consumption." His death was expected at any time. Growing men had heard when they were boys Muir was in the firm grasp of the dread disease.

But Muir lived on. Three weeks ago he had one of his "choking spells," accompanied by a violent fit of coughing. Muir coughed up a lead bullet weighing half an ounce.

The veteran has fully recovered and says he never felt better in his life. In three weeks he has gained eight pounds. For thirty years doctors had been treating him for consumption.

The bullet in Muir's body is one of three received when he was with the Union cavalry under General Philip Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley. He was shot in the body three times, the bullets entering near the lungs.

After being wounded he was taken to a hospital in Washington, where two of the bullets were removed, while the one which he has coughed up was overlooked by the hospital corps.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PRESENTED AT COURT

Experience of an American at an English Royal Levee.

A RAPID TRANSIT FUNCTION.

He Was In and Through and Out Before He Really Realized What Had Happened—The Way His Difficulty About a Costume Was Overcome.

A six foot American who had secured a "command" to one of the English royal levees recently found himself in a pretty predicament.

On his notification paper was the hint that levee dress was indispensable. In the guileless innocence of his democratic soul the American took this to mean that frock coat and shiny shoes would be called for.

He was in the act of looking over his best outfit of that nature when a more experienced friend called and caught him in the act. The friend made haste to inform the misguided Yankee that levee dress involved silk stockings, ruffled sleeves, black sword and other items.

Consternation ensued. It continued to ensue when owing to his height and girth no borrowable suit was discovered and no tailor could be found who would make one before the next afternoon. At last a stage levee dress was rented from His Majesty's theater, where it had done duty in "The Last of the Dandies."

After the levee was over the American confessed that he hardly knew what had happened. When he reached the palace he was first surrounded by the yeomen of the guard, who started him upstairs with great dispatch. In the course of his progress upstairs the yeomen disappeared, and he found himself in a line of tin plated life guardsmen.

Again the scene changed, says Town and Country, and there was a lane of royal footmen and next a large room filled to overflowing with admirals, generals, diplomats, peers, chamberlains, soldiers and sailors of all degrees of commissioned rank and a great host of men attired like himself in levee dress. One by one they were singled out and ushered into the royal presence in the adjoining room, where stood the king surrounded by his suit.

The work of presentation was so rapid that the American found himself out and in another room before he knew what had happened. His overcoat was on his back in the same rapid, mysterious fashion, and the next thing he knew he was outside in the courtyard. But he was actually "presented" and is now forever Hof fahig, or eligible for presentation at any court in the world, provided he behaves himself.

All this was preliminary to the presentation of the man's wife and daughter at the drawing room. Men are presented at the king's levees, and the women undergo the same ordeal at the courts or drawing rooms, which are by far the more imposing functions. It is probably no exaggeration to say that every time a drawing room is held £100,000 is spent by the people who go to court.

None but a very old habitue of the court—and then she is never below the rank of a countess—would dream of appearing at court in a costume that she had worn there before. The item of flowers alone is one of vast importance. If it were not for the drawing rooms the large florists could not exist.

Every woman who is presented goes armed with a bouquet, whose value is at least a pound, and some of them are worth ten times that sum. Then there are the bookmakers and the hosiers and the milliners to consider, to say nothing of the people who lend carriages.

Suppose there are at a low estimate 500 people on the presentation list. Of those every mother's daughter has herself photographed in her court costume, and London court photographers are notorious for their stiff prices.

St. James' park on the night of a drawing room is filled with Londoners who wander up and down the double line of carriages stalled in the mall, peering into the windows and criticising the costumes of the matrons and their debutante daughters. It is a legitimate privilege of the populace to consider those waiting for presentation as objects of interest, and there the latter have to sit, some of them over an hour, subjected to the gaze of London's citizens. You see half a dozen shopgirls flattening their noses against the window of a motor brougham and carrying on a rapid fire conversation about the dress of milady and her daughter inside.

"Ain't she beootiful, Mary Ann?" or "Wot do you think of this ma? Ot don't like 'er gown at all."

All this has to be borne with Spartan fortitude so long as there is no rowdyism; but, strange to say, there never is.

A good many people starve themselves for months so that they and their offspring may have the money to enable them to go to court. There are many half pay colonels who live in the country whose one object is to come up for a drawing room.

Generally they have influential and wealthy friends who make it easy for them in the matter of lodging in town and lend them their horses, carriages and footmen; otherwise it would be impossible for them to go. There seems to be a tradition that if a man's daughter has not been presented at court her way to a successful marriage will not be so smooth. That of course is a fallacy, but the tradition never dies, and so people stint themselves and endure endless sacrifices that they may put the ball mark on themselves and their offspring.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

CYPRESS KNEES.

How They Are Formed—Trees' Curious Blunt Roots.

The cypress knee is a familiar object in all the lowland forests of the south, but there are thousands of northern people who have never seen them, and there are many southern people, too, who have not seen them till they stumbled over them some dark night. The knee is of solid wood, has no limbs or leaves, is anywhere from six inches to six feet in height, and its rounded top and flattened sides give it very much the shape of a human leg bent at the knee till thigh and calf are brought together; hence the appropriate name of "knee."

For a number of years I was curious as to what part the knees played in the life of a cypress tree, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream, for they are part of its root system and do not grow independently. They were not sprouts, trying to grow into trees, for they never developed branches, and the final conclusion was that their only use was for people to stumble over. How and why such useless appendages to the tree were formed was a mystery until one day when drifting down a deep channel which had been washed through a cypress swamp the secret was exposed.

The earth had been washed away from the roots of some of the trees, and roots in all stages of growth were in sight. None of these roots was less than two and one-half inches thick and of uniform size clear to their tips or rather clear to their blunt ends, for there was no tip.

Nature intended these roots to grow in soft mud, and they were all right for that purpose, but when the blunt end of a root encountered something too hard to push through it bent or buckled in the line of least resistance, and this was generally toward the top of the ground, and the continuing growth of the root pushing the bend further upward made the bend closer, until finally the two arms of the bend were close together and they grew together, with one sheet of bark inclosing both.

STUDY YOUR HORSE.

If the Animal Has Mental Troubles, Try to Remedy Them.

To begin with, does your horse suffer from nostalgia or homesickness? Most horses do, and many really pine away and die from no other cause. We can at least, by making the poor creature thoroughly comfortable, do all in our power to "give his pain surcease" and to make him happy and contented, for than homesickness of the acute and chronic form men knows few more wearing ailments. Is your horse's disposition sociable or misanthropic? You don't know? Well, why not find out? Does it irritate him to have his yokemate or neighbors eating noisily and visibly while he does? Is privacy evidently his preference? Very well, then, by boards or zinc or tin or canvas shut off both sides of his stall at the head so that he may eat in peace and live the isolated life which he prefers.

If he lays back his ears or snaps at his neighbors or fidgets and kicks at the partitions, etc., he does not fancy company—at least at mealtimes—and he will be better, do better and (here the pocket comes in) keep more cheaply if you cater to his fancy. If, on the contrary, a "shy feeder," let him see others eat; even let him by a simple arrangement feed from the same manger as one of his neighbors, which is to be tied up short until Master Dainty has eaten all he will, when, upon allowing the neighbor to partake, the fastidious one will redouble his efforts to eat just to spite the late comer at the feast. The writer has used this plan with many poor feeders from race horses down and always with the best results.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

He Hadn't Changed a Bit.

The Smiths had invited the minister to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually through the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the minister. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa tell ma you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eye on the corned beef and cabbage."—Bohemian Magazine.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Shrosbree, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Sunderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. E. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keras Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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NEW AND TRUE STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Major William S. Greenough Tells How "Father Abraham" Cheered Sick Soldiers.

In a history of the Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, 1864-65, written by Thomas L. Livermore of Boston, who was colonel of the regiment and is now vice president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining company, is published the following pathetic and true story of Abraham Lincoln:

President Lincoln was at City Point during the momentous period of March 24 to April 7, 1865. An incident then occurred which deserves to be permanently recorded among the many in the life of that great patriot, which sprang from the kindness and sympathy of his great soul and the unaffected simplicity of his character. That a living member of the Eighteenth was a witness and now tells the story is the warrant for inserting it in this history. Major William S. Greenough, who was wounded April 2, was carried to the hospital at City Point, nine miles in the rear. Following his description of the hospital, below is the story as written by him.

The hospital buildings were of uniform size and construction, placed equidistant from one another, on both

HOUGHTON COULD ONLY SMILE FAINTLY.

sides of and end to a wide open way or avenue, in size about 20 by 80 feet, with end and side walls of pine logs placed in the ground in upright position, the logs of the side walls being sawed off at a height of about eight feet from the ground, capped and bound together by brown planks. Lighter logs formed the rafters of the sloping roof, over which framework a covering of cotton cloth was tightly drawn, intervening an excelsior interior lining. In the side walls were a few small windows and one in each gable end for the purpose of ventilation.

The doors were at regular intervals. In the center of each end of the building was a door, but reference in the instructions, and from door to door ran the main passageway or aisle. On either side of this main aisle were placed the narrow iron cots, sixty in all to each building. Major Greenough writes:

Brave Young Captain Houghton.

"In the first of a long row of buildings, the one known as the officers' ward, there were on the afternoon of April 2, 1865, sixty officers of the Ninth corps, all of whom had been wounded in the Fort Stedman fight of March 25 or in the operations on the Petersburg lines of April 1 and 2. As one entered the building from the main avenue there lay in the first cot of the right hand row a young officer in whom all the other occupants of the building (who were not too much engrossed with their own troubles) were deeply interested—Captain Charles H. Houghton of the Fourteenth New York heavy artillery.

"Captain Houghton had borne a highly distinguished part in the daybreak fight at Fort Stedman and later in the morning in the heroic defense of Fort Haskell, where he received three severe wounds. Two of these wounds had been received very early in the action, but the captain had resolutely refused to leave his command until Gordon's Confederates had all been killed, captured or driven back, Fort Stedman retaken and our lines reestablished. His splendid bravery had been highly commended by his superior officers, and for it he was promoted by the president to the rank of brevet major.

Bore Sufferings Bravely.

"When placed in the next cot to Major Houghton's late in the afternoon of April 2, I was familiar with the story of his bravery, as were most of the men of our division, and so long as life lasts shall I be thankful for the privilege of a fortnight's study of his patience, modesty, cheerfulness and heroism. Major Houghton's age was probably about twenty-two or twenty-three. About six feet in height and slender, with classic features, very black hair and large black eyes, he was a noble looking young soldier. He had suffered amputation of the left leg above the knee and in consequence was extremely pale. His life, indeed, was thought to hang by a thread, and the first inquiry in the morning and throughout the day from the occupants of the cots was: 'How is Houghton? Will he pull through?'

"It happened that my injury necessitated lying on my left side, and so, separated, as our cots were, by little more than an arm's length, I was privileged to watch, to study, to pity and to love this man. On the night of April 6 there came a serious crisis in Houghton's case through a secondary hemorrhage of an artery of the amputated limb. Surgeons and nurses worked until daylight to assuage the flowing lifeblood. All in the ward were deeply interested, and there was many a sigh of relief from his companions when in the early morning word went down the line of cots that the artery had been taken up and there was yet ground for hope.

President Is Announced.

"About 9 o'clock of the following forenoon the door which I lay facing opened, and from the surgeon in charge of the corps hospitals, Dr. McDonald, came the command: 'Attention! The president of the United States!' To myself and probably to most of us this was unexpected, for we had not known that President Lincoln had been visiting the army.

"Raising my eyes to the doorway, I had my first sight of the president, and it was not an impressive one. His clothes were travel stained, ill fitting and very dusty; his hat was an immensely exaggerated type of the stovepipe variety, his neckwear was awry, and his face showed pressing need of the services of a barber. In short, his whole appearance seemed to justify the caricaturists of those days in their worst cartoons.

"Unescorted, except by the surgeon, the president, bowing his tall form to enter the low doorway, stepped in, turned a step or two to the right and, tenderly placing his hand on Houghton's forehead, stood for an instant looking into his face; then, bending down to the low cot as a mother would to her child, he kissed Houghton's white cheek.

"In voice so tender and so low that only my near proximity enabled me to hear, he began to talk to him, telling him how he had heard from Dr. McDonald all the story of his bravery in battle, his heroic fight for life and quiet cheerfulness in hospital and of the sad happening of the night.

"Poor Houghton could only reply with faint smiles and whispers that were too low to reach my ears, but Mr. Lincoln heard, and a smile came to his grave face. Turning to the surgeon, the president asked to be shown the major's wounds, especially the amputated limb. Dr. McDonald tried to dissuade him by saying the sight, especially after what had just taken place, would be too shocking, but the president insisted, turned down the light coverings and took a hasty look. Straightening up, with a deep groan of pain, and throwing up both his long arms, he cried out, 'Oh, this awful, awful war!' Then, bending again to Houghton, with the tears cutting wide furrows down his dust stained cheeks and with great sobs shaking him, he exclaimed: 'Poor boy! Poor boy! You must live! You must!' This time the major's whispered answer, 'I intend to, sir,' was just audible. (And here, let me say in parenthesis, he did live many long and useful years.) With a tender parting hand stroke and 'God bless you, my boy!' the president passed to the next cot in line and to the next and soon down the right hand back on the left side of the ward, with a word, hand clasp and a simple, kind, fatherly word for each one. Then he passed out. But for us it was a different place. We had seen there the soul of our chief."—Washington Post.

IRELAND IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Archbishop Was a Chaplain and Was Near to Death.

"Very few of the friends of Archbishop Ireland know that he was a chaplain during the civil war," says M. L. Thornton, a prominent lawyer in New York city, an intimate friend of the archbishop.

"I have known Archbishop Ireland for many years," continued Mr. Thornton, "and he told me of an incident which I do not believe many persons know of, for I think it has never been published. The archbishop, then a chaplain, had been serving in the south and was taken seriously ill, so ill, indeed, that he was ordered by the doctors to the general hospital at Vicksburg. He was sent on board a boat bound for that point and was so weak that he could hardly talk. He asked his nurse for a glass of water, which had been prohibited by the doctor. The nurse repeated the request to the physician on board the boat, and the latter, after examining the chaplain, bade the nurse give him anything he wanted, 'for,' said the doctor, 'he will not be alive when we reach Vicksburg, and we might as well give him whatever he desires in the few remaining moments of his life.' But the chaplain, who was afterward to become one of the strongest powers in the Catholic church of America, surprised the physicians. He was alive when he reached Vicksburg and astonished every one by his remarkable vitality. He was a very sick man for weeks, but he recovered."—Washington Post.

Stonewall Flanked the Angels.

"Stonewall died," ran one of the favorite stories of Jackson's soldiers, "and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent; he was not there. They went to the outposts; he was not there. They went to the prayer meeting; he was not there. So they had to return without him. But when they came to heaven they found that he had made a flank march and had reached heaven ahead of them."—Los Angeles Times.

BLEEDING A KING.

Louis XIV., a Greedy Physician and an Unscrupulous Surgeon.

In 1633, when Louis XIV. began to feel the first touches of age, his physicians ordered him to be bled once a month. That duty was of course intrusted to Marechal, his Irish surgeon.

There was at the time in Paris, says the British Medical Journal, a young brother of the craft who conceived the idea of making his fortune by bleeding the king. The enterprise was difficult, but he knew that the most solid doors can often be opened with a golden key.

Following the advice of Iago, he put money in his purse and sought an introduction to Antoine Daquin, the king's chief physician. The negotiation was conducted on a strict business footing. Daquin, who was known to love money, was told that 10,000 crowns were deposited with a notary who had instructions to transfer the sum to him as soon as the surgeon had got the job.

It was not an easy thing to manage, as Marechal never left the king. One day, however, he asked permission to leave Versailles for three days. Daquin seized the opportunity to introduce his protege, whom he had ready at hand for the purpose. Feeling the king's pulse one morning, as usual, he pretended to be alarmed at its strength and volume and ordered the illustrious patient to be bled forthwith. As Marechal was away, the king hesitated, but fear soon made him yield to his physician's proposal. The young surgeon bled the king, and Daquin got his money.

In the meantime a message had been dispatched for Marechal, who was not far off. He returned to Versailles in haste and was much surprised to find that the king, whom he had left in the best of health, had been bled. He was not on friendly terms with Daquin, and he quickly grasped the situation. He went to see the young surgeon and forced him to disclose the whole plot.

When the king learned the truth, he flew into a terrible rage, ordered Daquin to be arrested and placed the matter in the hands of the council of state. That obsequious body, after a very short deliberation, unanimously voted that the physician who had trafficked in the blood of the king deserved death. The royal wrath, however, subsided to some extent, and he graciously spared Daquin's life, but deprived him of his office and exiled him from the court to Quimper-Corentin. The too greedy physician did not long survive his disgrace.—London Standard.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Cheerfulness is a great aggravation to an angry man.

Nearly every one thinks he is a good judge of human nature.

You can't do anything very well if you don't want to do it.

It is not difficult to prove you are right from your own point of view.

How people economized in the old days! But not many people do it now.

Some men would do wonderful things if some little thing were not in the way.

When a boy wants a favor from his parents he asks his father's permission and tells his mother he is going to do it.

"The worst friend-ship is wrecked upon the first fact that the secret of a successful friend is secret and he can't tell it."—Atchison Globe.

Extra Drivers Carry Candles.

In Morocco all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two wheels, must carry a light. So, rather than buy lanterns, which cost money, they take a dip candle, and wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind carry it in their left hand as they drive along homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light falling strongly on the Indian driver throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness.—Modern Mexico.

English Jurors' Remuneration.

The scale of remuneration of English common jurymen is absurd. In a civil case in England a common juryman is allowed 5 shillings ($1.25) a day for "a view"—that is, for inspecting any property or thing in dispute—but otherwise he is, in law, not entitled to any remuneration. It is usual, however, in the high court to give him a fee of 1 shilling and in the counties 8 pence. Special jurymen receive much higher remuneration. The fee in the county court is 1 shilling a case, in the mayor's court 2 pence and in the London sheriff's court 4 pence.—Chambers' Journal.

Not Hopeful.

"'Tis a fine, elegant husband you have, ma'am," said Muggie. "Him and me was talkin' about Ireland this mornin'. He's traveled as far as many a gentleman. And there ain't many husbands as good to their wives, ma'am. Look how he brings you lettuces and things from the market. But dear, dear! That kind never lives long."—Newark News.

Independent Criticism.

A little girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's visitors until the caller smilingly asked, "Do you like it, my dear?"

The child innocently replied: "Yes, I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me a bit."

He who commits an injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

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A Matter of Temperament.

By TRAY ALLISON.

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"Am I the joy to your soul that you are to mine, Roger?"

Cynthia's drawling voice could lend itself to bits of sarcasm in a way that would have maddened a less inflammable person than Roger Somers.

Roger was enveloped in a scowl that made it seem impossible he could ever have entertained thoughts of being the joy of anybody's soul, Cynthia's own particular soul being beyond the limits of possibility.

"Did you—address me?" His coolness added decidedly to Cynthia's interest. She raised herself in the hammock and arranged the cushions with the care of one who is determined to get comfort out of life.

"I was trying my voice sweetly. It's been growing rusty for the last hour."

Roger sat stolidly on the doorstep, his back eloquent with offended dignity.

"One labors under such an inconvenience in addressing the back of one's audience."

The audience, however, kept its eyes upon a distant spot on the lawn, trying to concentrate its mind upon the exact spot where the driveways met and wondering why the place didn't seem the bit of heaven it had appeared a week before upon entering through that driveway to become one of Mrs. Keener's guests.

"I feel such an inclination to—er—babble, Roger, that if you don't mind I will continue to put it into sentences for—er—my own entertainment. Do you mind my saying that I never have seen such a bunch of dignity as your back represents? I cannot, without making an effort that the warmth of the day forbids, see more of you than the back of your blue serge coat, a slight glimpse of profile and the tips of your patent leathers where the sun strikes them."

She leaned back in the hammock shamelessly convulsed with her own wit. It was clearly evident that Cynthia was enjoying herself.

"Well, if you are waiting for an answer to that psychological problem you propounded"—Roger sat erect, delighted with the alliterative impressiveness of his opening remark—"we can probably reach the answer with less difficulty if we go about it logically. The statement that I am a joy to your soul—we will let that remain undisputed until it is clearly proved that you have a soul."

Cynthia looked at him in frank delight, an appreciative smile curving her lips. She thought it possible the audience might face her soon, so she changed the cushions and put the rose colored one next her face.

"You have such a beautiful flow of language, Roger"—there was a sweetness in her voice that caused the audience to turn and look at her quickly to discover the possibility of latent sarcasm—"I often wish I could talk."

"Good Lord!" his lower left no doubt as to his sincerity—"is it really a fact that you have recently lost your voice? I thought you were merely sulking."

"You had subject for an hour. I could as well talk to a stone wall as the back of a coat—at most. Now, I am cheerfully hoarse. I have a devilish throat. Yes, according to your own showing, are never moved by a stronger or less meritorious feeling than righteous indignation. As for me—Roger, did you ever see me when I was really angry?"

That Cynthia was an adept at facing an audience no one of her acquaintances would have denied. Perhaps the possession of an adorable nose and a fluffy mass of curly hair strengthened her innate self confidence. Anyway, Roger, having once looked, had a feeling that he had in some way weakened for the fray—not that he intended giving Cynthia any inkling of the slight feeling of mollification that stole over him, but the ruffles fell around her forearm in a most distracting manner.

His eyes softened into pity, the poor girl had had so little opportunity for learning self control. Taking a course as a trained nurse had at one time been her fad—not that she ever expected to be one, but because a desire for knowledge and an everlasting propensity for making experiments seemed to have been born in her.

Roger in the depths of his soul had always disapproved of trained nurses. Her last escapade had completely convinced him that there was nothing more unsuited for a woman than such a profession.

Was there any other circumstance, he asked himself, that would have made it seem proper to Mrs. Keener's household that Cynthia should sit in that man Harding's room all the morning, administering little doses of medicine simply because Harding's cold had given him a fever that made him talk out of his head?

Mrs. Keener or one of the servants could have given that medicine.

"I was sorry not to go rowing with you last evening. The moonlight on that river is something one doesn't see always."

There was an expression in her eyes that was reminiscent.

Roger broke off viciously the piece of honeysuckle vine that had been tickling the back of his neck.

"There were perhaps other things that appealed to you more," coldly.

"You know I prefer rowing," instantaneously.

"Perhaps, if Harding had been well enough to do the rowing—not that I believe he's sick enough to amount to anything," refusing to give an iota of doubt as to Harding's general duplicity of nature.

"He talked out of his head—all about a girl." She shamelessly broke all rules of etiquette as to confidence between nurse and patient.

Roger's increased scowl annihilated the possibility of belief that he ever had been or ever could be a joy to any soul.

"That's exactly what I thought he was raving about," hotly—"all about loving a girl."

"It was evidently a very nice girl—he called her dearest—I think he even referred to her as—er—an angel." The childishness of her smile seemed insufficient cause for the symptoms of apoplexy Roger was exhibiting.

"And you sat there all the morning and let that idiot make love to you"—His sentence was swallowed in a snort of disgust.

Cynthia glanced at the writing pad near her, wondering if it would not be salutary to Roger's manners if she forgot his existence and wrote letters the rest of the morning.

As the scratching of her pen became more noticeable the audience thought it owing to its dignity to disperse and walked across the lawn toward the gate, its hands stubbornly in its pockets.

Roger leaned over the gate disconsolately. She had seemed so different the last time they had been on the river. She had really come so near saying everything he wanted her to say that he had walked around for hours afterward in a state of ecstasy.

He tried to possess his soul in patience, waiting for the next evening, when she had promised to go with him on the river and perhaps say exactly what he wanted her to say. Roger considered it a piece of malignity of fate that Harding—that idiot Harding—should have been taken so ill, or at least should have pretended he was so violently ill. The soreness of his heart added a suggestion that Cynthia probably jumped at an escape from giving him the answer he was so anxious for.

The ghost of odor from the honeysuckle vines that clambered over the hedge, the effect of the soft breeze that gradually lessened some of the heat from his brow, seemed to have induced him to saunter slowly toward the veranda. Cynthia had probably, he thought, had time to finish her letter in the half hour that had elapsed.

He saw that she was fast asleep. Evidently she had not been worrying much. There was a note conspicuously addressed and conspicuously placed on a ruffle of the rose colored cushion.

He reached for it with an eagerness he would never have allowed the waking Cynthia to behold. Perhaps, after all, she might be amenable to reasoning; her somewhat flighty nature might gain sobriety from contact with him. Cynthia with a slight addition of sobriety—he gave a sigh that intimated it was more bliss than one man could properly realize. His fingers were nervous as he tore the note from its envelope.

"Joy of my soul," it ran, "your moods are truly a delight. They afford all kinds of opportunities for studies in human nature. After all, we are rather a match alike, a mere matter of temperament, I suppose. If you prefer calling yours righteous indignation I don't mind. Mine can still be under the name of plain temper.

"He was really sick, Roger, and the girl he is not about to call Helen. I am awfully fond of rowing and am ready to go on the river any time whether the sun is shining brightly or the moon as it was the other night, just as soon as your righteous indignation calms down to a degree that would make it safe for a person to get within ten feet of you."

Roger leaned over into the depths of the hammock, his face well mixed with pink cushion and sleeve ruffles.

"Wake up, Cynthia," he whispered. "I'm in a heavenly frame of mind."

Where Titles Are Cheap.

The cheapest country for buying a title used to be Portugal. When a man is made a baron or a count there his patent recites the service for which the grant is made. I was once in Portugal, and I had some curiosity to discover what were the services for which an Englishman of my acquaintance had been made a Portuguese baron. I therefore looked the matter up, and I found that it was for having introduced into the country a new tree. There used to be another plan for becoming a baron. It appears that there is—or was then—a convent which once had large possessions. All its tenants were, by the fact of being tenants, barons. But the convent had lost its possessions with the exception of one farm. It had an agent in London. For a very moderate consideration the agent let this farm to a would be tenant. He therefore became a baron, and when he resigned the farm to the next applicant he retained the title.—London Truth.

Gaelic.

Gaelic is the language of the highlanders of Scotland. The name belongs also to the sister languages of Ireland and the Isle of Man, but those have other names more commonly applied to them—Irish and Manx—and the term Gaelic is usually reserved for that spoken in Scotland. The three languages were originally one and now stand in much the same relation to each other that broad Scotch does to king's English.

Impossible.

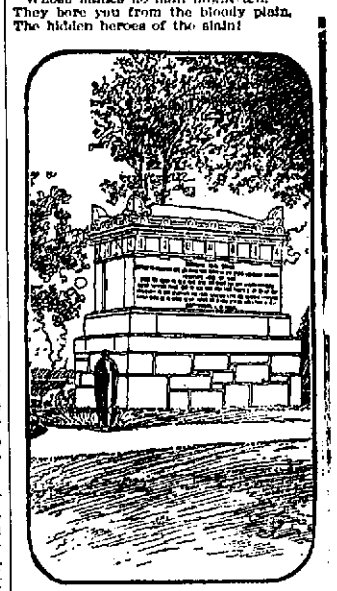
Doctor—Perhaps it's your cooking that's responsible for your husband's illness. He's got a bad case of gastritis. Mrs. Newwife—Gastritis! But I always cook on a coal range—never use gas.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

THE unknown dead! The very words
Thrill us with tender pain.
Methinks I hear the twittering birds
And see the vernal rain,
Like mourners' tears, submissive shed
Above this grave love garlanded.

The unknown dead! What memories come
Of waiting mothers, wives,
Sweethearts and sisters left at home
To watch through weary lives
For news of march and battle o'er
And gallant boys who come no more!

Gory and ghastly, crushed and torn
By cruel shot and shell,
A monstrous wreck of shapes forlorn,
Whose names no man might tell,
They bore you from the bloody plain,
The hidden heroes of the slain!



THE MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

And here they laid you in the dust,
With reverent prayer and hymn.
The dews of time your swords might rust,
Your bayonets turn dim,
But none might set the secret free
That sealed your tomb with mystery.

Dear hearts, while glory sheds her glow
Above the honored graves
Of men whom all the nations know
And hail as valiant braves,
Revealing on each stone the name
Of some bold spirit dear to fame,

Our fairest flowers, our tenderest tears
Are still reserved for you
Whose nameless glory fills the years
With memories prized and true!
Sleep, unknown dead, beneath this sod;
Your name, your fame, are known to God!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"SOLDIER" BORE A CHILD.

Romance of Andersonville Prison Just Brought to Light.

Discussion of the movement toward erecting a monument to Captain Henry Wirz, who was commandant of the Andersonville prison, has brought a hitherto unpublished story to light.

The relator of the story, a resident of Americus, Ga., often visited the prison, where her husband was doing duty for the Confederate government. Upon one of her visits Captain Wirz said that he needed her assistance.

He conducted her to a small tent just outside the prison, hurriedly. Within was a woman in Federal prison with a day old babe in her arms. Beside her side sat her husband, also a prisoner.

The woman, in real clothes, had been brought to the prison a few days before. The captive party, including her husband, were Odlums, and when surprised by the Confederates she hastily donned a suit of her husband's clothes in order that they might not be separated.

When the real situation had been discovered the day previous, through statements made by her husband, Captain Wirz had the couple hastily removed to the tent outside the prison, and there the babe was born.

In the visitor the poor woman found a friend. She quickly returned to Americus and secured for the mother and babe necessary clothing and medicine and such food and comforts as her then limited means allowed. Soon thereafter the Odlums, his wife and babe were sent away from the prison.—New York World.

BLUE CHEERED GRAY.

When the Federal Troops Saluted Stonewall Jackson.

Few generals were so beloved and revered by their soldiers as Stonewall Jackson, the "great flanker," was by his. His simplicity, strength, daring, skill and indomitable will endeared him to his troops, while his successes roused their admiration. Whenever great cheering was heard in Jackson's camp those who were detained from being present at the occasion would say, "Here comes either Jackson or an old rabbit!"

At one time when Jackson's camp was on the southern bank of the Rappahannock and that of the Federals on the northern bank of that river a friendly intercourse, not only confined to the exchange of coffee and tobacco, existed between the outposts of the two armies, and friendly greetings were often exchanged across the river. One day when Jackson rode along the river and the Confederate troops ran together, as was their custom, to greet him with a yell the Federal pickets shouted across the river asking what it was all about. "Stonewall is coming!" was the reply, and immediately, to Jackson's astonishment, the cry "Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson!" rang out from the Federal ranks. Thus the voice of north and south, prophetic of a time of renewed unity, mingled in acclamation of a great soldier.—Los Angeles Times.

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A REAL PIRATE ISLAND

It Was Once the Stronghold of Morgan, the Buccaneer.

A TINY COUNTRY TO ITSELF

Old Providence, an Uncanny Spot in the Caribbean Sea, and the Lawless Reckless, Murderous Crew That Now Claim It as Their Own.

Sailing upon that almost unknown sea which ebbs and flows upon the Mosquito Coast, the line of the horizon is broken by two faint points. As the vessel approaches nearer a strange sight meets the vision. The points have become two jaws looming against the clearness of the sky and water. It is as if an enormous mouth had been suddenly thrust out of the sea with distended jaws pointed skyward.

Truly the sight is uncanny, but the jaws mark an uncanny spot in the Caribbean. Once these waters were not so deserted by man. Upon their bosom passed stately galleons, the plate ships loaded with treasure from the new Spain. When their captains saw those black jaws they may have said an Ave as, altering their course, they sailed away from them, for this bit of dry spot in the ocean was then known, as it is today, as a pirate island.

Old Providence, as the map maker calls it, is in truth a dot on the waters. Not over four miles from end to end in its longest direction and half as much in width, a good walker can encircle it by the little coast path the natives call a highway in half a day. The human beings who call it home are confined to its outer edge, for the submarine volcano which at some time in the past ages gave birth to Old Providence in one of its convulsions, topped it off with a miniature mountain range stretching above the center of the island. It is one of these mountains that forms the black gaping jaws so plainly seen long before the graceful cocoanut palms marking the shore line are visible. In a whimsical display of its power the volcano cut a great wedge in one of the peaks—a wedge fully a hundred feet across at the top and tapering to a score or so at the bottom.

Today, as centuries ago, Old Providence is a tiny country to itself. Far out of the modern ocean highway, in one of the least frequented parts of the Caribbean, the steamship or sailing ship has no occasion to pass near it unless driven there by storm. There is no postoffice, for the reason that there is no mail service. True, it is claimed by some country just as every point that sticks out of the sea is claimed. Colombia calls Old Providence a part of its republic, but not a man lives upon it to act as governor, judge or even agent. So its people kill, steal and commit other crimes utterly regardless of any authority save force and the little influence of the solitary white man who has cast his lot among them.

St. Catherine, as it was mockingly called in the old days, was the stronghold of Henry Morgan. For nearly 200 years the blood of his followers has flowed in the veins of its people, but before the freebooters sailed into its harbor the Spanish governor of Costa Rica had made it an island prison for criminals he thought too dangerous to keep on the mainland. When Morgan defeated the garrison he placed as guards of his captives 100 of these convicts, released on their promise to join his band—literally human dregs of new Spain. Again the Spaniards captured the island and turned it into a penal colony until Morgan's flag was raised above it in 1670 and the struggle for its possession ended. Since then most of those who have lived upon it have been descendants of the white outlaws, their convict allies and the black women who went there from the West Indies on Morgan's ship.

The blood of the islanders is the blood of English, Irish and Scotch, but adulterated with that of the negro. Today fully 1,000 persons live upon this islet—a thousand human beings who have degenerated in mind until the majority of them are little better than beasts. Murder is common; theft is not a crime; marriage is unknown. Only the fear of a stronger keeps many a man from taking life for a trifle.

Most of the cocoanuts are traded for clothing, liquor, firearms, knives and trinkets. After a vessel has loaded and departed, for days the island may be the scene of a drunken debauch, which brings to mind stories written about the carousals of the buccaneers after the capture of a prize, but here is no captain or discipline of the sea. The weaker are the prey of the stronger, and robbery and killing pass unnoticed. It is the testimony of Father St. John, the brave priest who alone is endeavoring to do something to improve the condition of these people, that scarcely a week passes without a murder.

With only a handful out of the 1,000 population acknowledging any form of Christianity, it is not strange that the belief in fetiches, even voodooism, should be widespread. Witch doctors and sellers of charms for good and evil are numerous. Most of the women wear next to the skin a tuft of hair, a piece of rag smeared with blood or some other amulet which is intended to cast a spell over their enemies or to keep off faith, in which all believe.

But the life and history of these human renegades are not the only evidence to prove that their home is a real pirate island and, not the sort of which the novelists are so fond of describing. At its north end rises a rocky plateau covering half a dozen acres. Really it is another island, but separated from Old Providence by a channel 100 yards in width and so shallow that one can easily wade across it. The highest point on this plateau bears a slight resemblance to a man's face, and the native says that it is "Morgan's Head." The fifty foot precipice which extends from the water's edge to the top of the plateau is so steep as to be almost inaccessible except in two or three places where the storms of years have worn away the stone.

The top is so covered with vines, shrubs and other growth that not until one has penetrated into their midst does he find the remains of a wall evidently the work of human hands. Most of it is hidden by the rank vegetation, but enough of the massive masonry can be seen to indicate that it was intended for a fortification.

A strange sight are the dozen or more pieces of artillery mounted upon a plateau at the north end. Some of them are of brass, but long since thickly coated with verdigris, which gives them the appearance of fallen trees green with mold. Others are of iron, but all of them still bear traces of the artistic imagery with which the gun makers of the seventeenth century decorated their work. Lying inside of the wall the guns were evidently a part of the armament of Santa Theresa, the castle which the Spaniards built for the main defense of St. Catherine, but which they surrendered to Morgan in 1670 with eight smaller forts and batteries.

Contagious diseases frequently ravage the land and kill scores in a visitation. Ignorant of sanitation, knowing little or nothing of medicine and depending chiefly on the charms they get from the voodoo doctors to ward off disease, the people often die from ailments which in other conditions might be cured.

From the accounts of the old men there is no doubt that fifty years ago the number of inhabitants was much greater than at present. A half century hence may see the descendants of the pirates of this southern ocean reduced to a mere handful if not entirely extinct.—Day Allen Willey in Minneapolis Journal.

SLEEP A PUZZLE.

The Mystery Involving "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer."

Although the phenomenon has been observed since man has existed, the true nature of sleep and what causes it are practically mysteries today. All recognize the necessity of sleep and know that it is the sovereign remedy for fatigue—"tired nature's sweet restorer."

This fact has led to the theory that sleep is induced by the poisons which are known to be formed and passed into the blood stream during wearying exercise of mind or body. The theory is that these poisons benumb the nerve center controlling the circulation in the brain, with a consequent reduction in the blood supply. This "anaemia" of the brain produces unconsciousness, or sleep, during which the activities of body and mind are repressed, the formation of "fatigue poisons" is arrested, and those already formed and circulating in the blood are eliminated.

When this has taken place the purified blood again nourishes and stimulates the circulation center, an increased volume of blood flows to the brain, and the subject awakes, renewed in spirit and fresh and ready for the labors of the day.

This explanation is only a theoretical one, but it is plausible. Whatever may produce it and whether it is a cause or an accompaniment, we know that a lessened blood supply in the brain is associated with healthy sleep and that cerebral excitement and congestion must be overcome before normal sleep can take place.

The sensation of the circulation to sleep is seen in the alternate drowsiness and insomnia of the very aged. While sitting up they are drowsy and cannot keep their eyes open, but the minute they lie down the power to sleep forsakes them. This is probably due to the fact that the arteries have lost their tone. While the subject sits up the blood sinks away from the brain because the weakened heart is unable to overcome the pull of gravity, but when he lies down the blood trickles into the vessels of the brain, and the smaller arteries are passively dilated by its pressure. Of course the process is not quite so purely mechanical as this, for no one could live with such flabby arteries, but the force of gravity does act in a measure.

The treatment of this form of insomnia of the aged is not in the giving of hypnotics, but of something that will tone up the blood vessels, such as a cup of hot beef tea, of not too strong tea or even of weak coffee—a paradox, since these things are usually supposed to be inimical to sleep.—Youth's Companion.

Fact Versus History.

In 216 B. C. Hannibal, with about 50,000 men, nearly annihilated the Roman army of about 90,000 at Cannae, at Apulia, Italy, but it is all a fable to say that he sent three bushels of gold rings plucked from the hands of dead Roman knights back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian senate on concluding his report "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field of battle."

Four years later the Romans, under Marcellus, attacked and captured Syracuse, belonging to Greece, because of its alliance with Hannibal against Rome. As the invading ships approached, Archimedes is said to have set some of them on fire with immense burning glasses. However, modern science has so well watered this story that it only remains to add that even at this day the feat would be impossible.

The Squall.

"Where do you suppose that squall is coming from?" asked the amateur yachtsman. "I don't know," replied the head of a small but obstreperous family, "unless it is coming from the cradle of the deep"—Baltimore American.

Her Advantage.

"Your daughter has an angelic disposition."

"Yes; we always let her have her own way about everything."

Nipped in the Bud.

Mudge—Which is proper to say, "Lend me $10," or "Loan me $10?"

Wickwire—It won't do you any good to say either.

DICE WENT OVERBOARD.

How a Regiment of Crap Shooters Was Converted at Sea.

Five hundred pairs of dice are lying on the bottom of the Atlantic ocean somewhere off the east coast of the United States unless the fishes swallowed them and carried them away. The spotted cubes were thrown overboard by the negroes of the Twenty-third Kansas regiment during a violent storm at sea, the sacrifice having been prompted by penitence. It was while the negro regiment was on board the ship Vigilancia en route to Cuba in September, 1898, that a storm, says the Kansas City Star, converted a score of boisterous crap games into a fervent religious meeting.

The Twenty-third Kansas went from Topeka to New York city and from there sailed for Cuba. There was no sleep on board the Vigilancia the first night out. It is said that practically all of the negroes who were not prostrated with seasickness were shooting craps. The scene is described as one of mingled suffering and excitement. The distressed pleaded for quiet and rest, but were unheeded by the noisy gamblers.

Above the cries and moans of the suffering such language as this could be heard in different parts of the vessel:

"It's 'leven, an' I know it." "Shoot de money." "Didn't I get a coon?" "Little Dick."

Late at night, while the games were running high, a violent storm broke suddenly upon the sea. When the wind struck the Vigilancia a rudder was broken and she whirled round and round and then dipped down into the hollow of a mighty wave. The shock was unexpected, and in a moment the soldiers were experiencing all of the horrors of a storm at sea. The negroes grabbed up the dice and loose change and huddled together like cattle, some of them moaning and others too frightened to utter a sound.

The storm raged for an hour, the soldiers thinking that every moment would be the last. Fortunately there was a negro preacher on board, the Rev. John L. Waller. It was for him to rise to the occasion. He gathered a crowd of negroes around him and spoke thus:

"Brethren, the Lord sent this storm on the heads of sinful crap shooters. If we want to be saved, let us pray."

Then he dropped down on his knees and his voice was heard praying above the noise of the storm.

The soldiers joined with the preacher in his prayer. In a short time lamentations, moans and promises could be heard on every hand. It was a revival meeting in earnest. Nearly every one of the 800 soldiers was either singing or praying. The whole regiment was "converted" in a very few minutes.

But the rough sea continued. The colored preacher felt that something further must be done. An inspiration came to him. These must be a sacrifice.

"Our prayers and songs don't prevail!" he shouted. "There's something wrong. Brethren, the dice must go into the sea!"

The suggestion had only to be made. The dice were tossed into the angry waters, about 500 pairs. Some of the negroes also threw in the money which they had won with the dice. In half an hour after the dice went the storm abated.

The Rev. John L. Waller held religious services at frequent intervals during the rest of the voyage. They were always well attended. At each meeting he told his hearers that the prayers of the righteous had saved the wicked. Then he urged them all to remain steadfast.

Nothing was said about crap shooting during the rest of the voyage. Shortly after the soldiers landed in Cuba there was a pay day. Then it was that a backslider tried to borrow some dice, but not a single pair could be found in the regiment. They had all been consigned to the sea.

This was a condition that could not last. An ingenious negro soldier stole an ivory billiard ball from a Cuban pool hall and whittled out a pair of dice. He sold them for $12.

Presidential Nicknames.

Washington was nicknamed the Father of His Country, Americus Fabius, the Cincinnatus of the West, Atlas of America, Lovely Georgius (a sarcastic nickname applied by the English soldiery), Flower of the Forest, Deliverer of America, Stepfather of His Country (applied by bitter opponents during his presidency), and Savior of His Country; Adams was nicknamed Colossus of Independence; Jefferson, Sage of Monticello and Long Tom; Madison, Father of the Constitution; Monroe, Last Cocked Hat; J. Q. Adams, Old Man Eloquent; Jackson, Old Hickory, Big Knife and Sharp Knife, Hero of New Orleans, Gin'ral and Old Hero; Van Buren was Little Magician, Wizard of Kinderhook and King Martin the First; Harrison, Tippecanoe, Old Tip and Washington of the West; Tyler, Young Hickory and Accidental President; Polk, Young Hickory; Taylor, Rough and Ready, Old Buena Vista and Old Zach; Fillmore, the American Louis Philippe; Pierce, Purse; Buchanan, Old Public Functionary, Bachelor President and Old Buck.

Resemblance.

"It is easy to see that the baby takes after me," Mr. Nupaw asserted. "He is as bald as I am, his eyes are brown as are mine, he resembles me in features, he"—

"Also," cut in the wife as the kid set up a howl for his noonday meal, "he goes after the bottle about as often as you do."

Mrs. Nupaw did all the talking for the rest of the evening. — Bohemian Magazine.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Her First Birth.

Black Sarah was busily employed about our northern kitchen, remarked a prominent housekeeper, when I had occasion to go out there and by way of being pleasant said:

"You are from the south, are you not, Sarah?"

"Law, yes, miss!" was the answer.

"Born in the south?" I continued.

"Originally bawn in Richmond, miss," was the astonishing reply.—Reader Magazine.

Her Fear.

A little girl remarked to her mother, "I am not afraid in the dark."

"Of course not," said the mother.

"I was afraid once, though, when I went into the pantry to get a tart," she added.

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I would not find the tarts," was the reply.

No Need to Cry.

"Don't cry, Buster," said Jack after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye."

"I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hittin' on the eye hisself."

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS

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DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,

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HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW MUCH LONGER A SOFT SHIRT SAYS CLEAN WHEN DONE UP AT THE LAUNDRY

?

THIS IS ONE OF OUR SECRETS.

SMETHPORT LAUNDRY.

W. B. FRY, Prop.

Rooney's is the Place

to buya nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

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New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Ordinance No. 67.

RESOLVED BY THE TOWN COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT THAT THERE BE GIVEN

NOTICE

To the Electors of the Borough of Smethport of a Special Election to be held on Monday, June 24, 1907, as per following

ORDINANCE NO. 68.

Entitled an Ordinance to establish a pavement on Main street in the Borough of Smethport, and provide for the cost of constructing same.

Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Smethport in the County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by authority of same:

Section 1. To improve the condition of Main street in the Boro of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable brick pavement shall be constructed and laid on Main street between the points known as the corner of Main and East Main streets, commonly known as McCoy's Corners, and the intersection of Main street with Long street, thirty feet in width from Long street to Church street, forty feet in width from Church street to Hill street and thirty feet in width from Hill street to the corner of Main and East Main or the point known as McCoys Corners, together with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amount of grading, curbing and drainage incident thereto.

Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town council desires to increase the indebtedness of said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $29,000.01, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction (which sum will increase the indebtedness of said borough to more than two but to less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation thereof) provided the assent of the electors of said Borough can be had to such increase of indebtedness, at an election to be held, as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the Council and notice to the electors.

JOHN F. ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1907.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

For the purpose of obtaining such assent, there is hereby proclaimed an election to be held in due form by the legally constituted officers, at the usual place of holding elections in said Borough, upon the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, between the hours of seven a. m. and seven p. m.

The Secretary of the Council is directed to insert a notice embodying a copy of the foregoing ordinance in the McKean County Miner and in the McKean Democrat, weekly newspapers published in said Borough, once a week during thirty days prior to the day of said election, and in order to give the information and notice required by law, the following statement is declared:

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the taxable property in said borough is $478,519.00

The existing funded debt of said borough 4,357.50
Assets 1,183.79
Making a total present indebtedness of 3,173.71

The percentage of the said net increase in the indebtedness of said $29,000.01 is ascertained to be $.05839 of the last adjusted valuation of said Borough.

The said proposed increase of indebtedness of $29,000.01 as authorized by the electors of said Borough is intended to be used wholly, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of constructing said pavement provided in Section 1 of the foregoing ordinance together with the curbing, grading, drainage and such other expenses as are incident thereto.

JOHN F. ROONEY,
President of the Council

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1907.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, June 14, 1907, by E. W. Hilton, Ralph M. Burdick, Thomas W. Gallup, C. A. Burdick, C. D. Gomez, George R. Bingham and Frank D. Reynolds, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "SMETHPORT GUT GLASS COMPANY," the character and object of which is to manufacture glass and glass ware of all kinds, including cut glass, and the dealing in, buying and selling of such glass ware at retail and wholesale, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GALLUP & BOUTON,
Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., May 28, 1907.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

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Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
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JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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